



Red Rose for Love

Carole Mortimer

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Read this classic romance by USA Today bestselling author Carole Mortimer, now available for the first time in e-book!

Can she trust the millionaire?

Eve had survived a horrendous ordeal with her ex, but the experience has left her a changed woman. Now her trusting young heart is safely buried. Never again will she love—least of all a rich man who thought his money could buy him everything, including her.

So, despite his persistence, charming businessman Bart Jordan doesn't stand a chance with Eve. She may be allowing stubborn bitterness and fear to ruin her life, but can she ever trust a wealthy man again...?

Originally published in 1982

Red Rose for Love Details

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From Reader Review Red Rose for Love for online ebook

****Sognatrice di libri**** says

Storia molto carina e dolce mi è piaciuta molto.

sbf20112011 says

Silly by modern standards, though I've liked other Carole Mortimer books. So much dramatic back and forth and lame dialogue in the space of a few paragraphs. Not the worst I've ever read, but not great.

Wendy, Lady Evelyn Quince says

Mini-Review:

Usually Mortimer's heroes are cruel and overbearingly alpha, but in this one the hero-in-pursuit starts out dominant and determined, then when he realizes how hurt the heroine's been in the past he changes course and woos her in a gentle and loving manner. He's a rarity in HP line: a beautiful, green-eyed blond who's not a man-ho and is a nice guy!

Without a doubt this is the best book by Carole Mortimer I've ever read. There's no love triangle, no creepy incest angle, no hateful asshole hero. Sure Bartholomew Jordan is overbearing and filthy rich, but he is one of the most decent Alpha heroes I've read in a long time. He was very understanding and caring for the obviously damaged heroine. What a great read!

My only caveat was with the heroine's wardrobe. What was up with all those slinky catsuits she wore? Sure it's the 70's, but that rock-star look was a bad choice.

5 stars

Kathy says

I read this book several decades ago (yes, decades). I loved it so much I still remember it. Well done, Carole Mortimer.

Naksed says

This one was so disturbing. I mean, I know Carole Mortimer isn't the Queen of Subtlety and Good Taste. I enjoy her campy reads and her ridiculous, over-the-top characters and their antics for what they are: A bit of fun.

The problem with *Red Rose of Love* is that she seemed to have half-heartedly attempted a serious subject, a

very violent, very graphic rape and consequent post-traumatic stress, and then reverted back to her campy ways for the remaining three quarters of the book, ultimately leading to an underwhelming and problematic conclusion.

The female protagonist is a relatively new, up and coming singer (who is compared favorably to Kate Bush, one of my favorite singers EVER). At the beginning of the book, we find her nearing exhaustion because her leechy pimp devoted friend and manager has been ruthlessly and callously exploiting ambitiously pushing her towards a stratospheric career.

After one of her concerts, heroine's manager tries to pimp her out introduce her to one of her fans, a wealthy, good-looking man who is very eager to make her acquaintance.

The h freezes up. Mention of a "rich man" catapults her five years into the past when a disgusting brute tricked a naive, 19 year old h into an affair without telling her he was married and she was just to be a bit on the side. She thought, predictably, that he loved her and wanted to marry her. When she found out the truth, she rejected him and he brutally raped her. That scene was chilling and nauseating. The author really went there and I thought I was in for an ominous, angsty read.

Anyways, everything the H does in his high-handed pursuit of the h triggers her trauma, like in a long delayed reaction. He sends her red roses like the rapist did when he was courting her. He calls her "wildcat" like the rapist did when she scratched him bloody during the assault. And he does nothing to deny her accusations and assumptions that he wants her, in a cold and calculated manner, as just the latest in a string of kept women he has been collecting over the years, just like the rapist intended with her.

The h naturally keeps him at arms length and freezes him out. The H then does a bit of investigation and realizes that the sexy, bombastic image she projects on stage is just an illusion.

She isn't shackled up with her manager, she is staying with him and his wife. She isn't a serial dater, in fact she hasn't had a boyfriend for as long as anybody remembers. She isn't some sophisticated vamp globe-trotting and collecting affairs. When she isn't touring, she lives in a little houseboat down the path from her godparents' house in the middle of the English countryside.

The H stops his insinuations and insults almost immediately but he continues with his stalking, high handed ways to control heroine's life and somehow bind her to him.

The h finds out that her Judas manager sold her contract to the H months before, when the manager was drunk at a party. The H cancels the rest of heroine's concert tour because she is close to total collapse, and tells her that, at least for the next six months remaining on her contract, she has to do as he says.

h is fuming, not at the disgusting, poor excuse for a friend, manager who backstabbed her so coldly, but at the H. She doesn't care about the contract or her career anyway. She has realized that she is not cut out for the gruelling career of a chanteuse. All she wants to do is go back to her little houseboat and get the H out of her life.

Well, right on cue, she has an almost drowning episode at the houseboat, is rescued by the H, and when she wakes up at the hospital, she realizes she is in love with the H. Wth???

I think we skipped a few steps here, between her still suffering from PTSD stemming from rape, and distrust of men in general, to her waking up from a coma in luurve with the H and willing to embark on an affair with him, even though she is pretty sure he doesn't love her and probably has a few other mistresses tucked away.

At that point of the story, the characters seemed to hop back into the Carole Mortimer Campy Train and pretty much any idea that she was going to treat this topic seriously and soberly went down the drain.

I was offended that the h became a spineless, leaky jellyblob. I was disgusted at the hero for flying into really volcanic rages at the heroine for offenses such as failing to show up at the airport to welcome him back from a business trip.

He actually told her on several occasions to get out of his sight and his life, only to sheepishly apologize a short while later for letting his temper get the best of him. Seriously? This entitled guy with rage issues should be the last guy the vulnerable, prone-to-exploitation, and still very traumatized h should involve herself with.

To make matters worse, we find out at the end that the H is actually a deranged fan, who "fell in love" six months earlier when he saw the h on TV performing one of her songs, then went out and bought a BED!!!, an engagement ring, and a wedding ring, before he finally found a way of insinuating himself into her life. Somebody needs to slip the h a copy of Eminem's *Stan* as a warning of what can happen if you involve yourself with deranged groupies i.e. check the car trunk for ropes and a gun, he probably bought them the same day he went shopping for a marital bed and rings :(

LLC says

This was a good well written romance. Some angst not too much, plenty of obstacles to overcome.

Ashima says

Loved it!!

Ana says

she constantly runs from him, wallows in self pity...she so stupid. and he...well he loses his temper so often, comes to wrong conclusion about situations like some kid...hideous book.

Kitty says

the heroine was so childish in her reaction it was stupid and even with her ordeal/trauma didn't explain how she could jump to conclusion so easily
but it's a Harlequin so of course it's over the charts un the drama department lol

Lucimar says

O clichê de quase sempre dos romances antigos: homem mais velho rico, mocinha mais nova e pobre... Eve,

a nossa mocinha, desprezava homens ricos por conta do passado.
A princípio Bart era arrogante e impositivo. Fazendo com que ela o desprezasse ainda mais.
Palavras mal interpretadas e mal colocadas complicavam ainda mais o romance dos dois.
Um boa leitura para passar o tempo.

Lee says

Even though I probably read this about 20 years ago, I still remember it vividly, so I obviously liked it!

MissKitty says

Meh. The heroine was a prize bitch and the hero a controlling bully.
